

(SEE 2ND PAGE.)

ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION.

(SEE 2ND PAGE.)

This Copy of "ALLY SLOPER" carries with it the advantages of a Railway Accident Life Policy for £150.

ally Sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. V.—No. 208.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1888.

[ONE PENNY.]



BIRTH OF SLOPER TWINS.

"A most unexpected event has come off. Mamma gave birth to Twins on Tuesday morning last. The excitement in the Family is intense. One is a boy, the other a girl. The girl seems strong and the boy weak, but both are singularly repulsive-looking. Papa instantly obtained the assistance of a nurse, Angelina Korfdrop by name, and he and she together are acting for the best. Brimstone and treacle has been ordered to be administered at regular intervals."—TOOTSIE.

CUTTING A GOOD FIGURE.



1. Snobgrass was a swell of the first water. If there was one thing above another Snobgrass was proud of, it was his appearance.



2. He sees his lady-love in the distance, and wishes to cut a good figure before her. He does so with a vengeance.



3. Help! murder! wretch! d—n! shrieks! yells! curses! Flight of lady-love. Indignation of coal-merchant. Collapse of Snobgrass.

THE POSTMAN.

LAMAN BLANCHARD, writing of the Old Bailey Sessions about 1840, says: "Times are changed for the better since the recorder was apt to go out of town on a Saturday for a day or two's relaxation from the heavy and gloomy duties of his office, having in his pocket the reprieve of a criminal sentenced to be hanged over the Debtors' door on the Monday morning following. The black cap was then so often on his head that it seemed to hang as comfortably there as a nightcap; and after a day's fatigue, the judge's patience being sorely tried by the provoking number of witnesses necessary to a single conviction, it was, perhaps, with a sort of cosiness of feeling that he put it on and dozed through the sentence, so as to eke out the time till dinner." Between May 1st, 1827, and April 30th, 1831, 451 sentences of death were passed at the Old Bailey, but only 52 persons were executed, the other sentences being reversed by the king in council. The time condemned prisoners were kept in cruel suspense was seldom less than six weeks, but often several months—it all depended on the king's disposition to transact business. When the council had decided, the recorder brought the news to the prison. Often, then, there was a delay. One case is reported in which the prisoners and their friends outside the gates were kept all night in the most violent suspense, heaping curses on recorder, council, and king. When the news was communicated to the prisoners, which was done with much unnecessary cruelty,

some fainter, and some fell down in convulsions, a few exhibiting fatal indifference.

In June, 1831, a postman, named Job Cox, was convicted at the Old Bailey of stealing a five-pound note, and was sentenced to death. He had been led to believe that this dreadful sentence would be changed for one of imprisonment or transportation; but, nevertheless, the recorder, after a certain delay, sent the warrant for his execution to Newgate, signed Newman Knowlys, and sealed with the Black Seal. The chaplain at once informed the unhappy man that he must prepare to die, intelligence which seemed to strike him speechless and senseless, so unexpected was it.

William Calcraft, the hangman, was in readiness, and everything prepared for the execution, which was fixed for Tuesday, when quite by accident on Monday morning the chief justice, happening to be reading a newspaper which contained the recorder's report, thought there must be some slight mistake. He therefore sent for the under-sheriff, who went to the recorder to ask if all was right.

The recorder replied that most certainly it was, and that Cox was to be hanged. The chief justice, however, still doubting, sent late at night to the Home Secretary, and then learnt, what he had all along felt certain was the case, that the sentence had been commuted, and that the recorder was in error.

The poor postman was frantically delighted, and meanwhile, at the Common Hall, a special indignation meeting was held. The recorder then resigned. He had occupied his post for forty-seven years, but had grown old, infirm, and imbecile. *He had signed the death warrant after dinner entirely by mistake.*

"That was a nice old cup o' tea," murmured Alexandry.
"Right you are," said William the Begged. "Stir him up with a big lump of sugar."

(Next week, Wainwright.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course. Correspondents wishing their MSS. or sketches to be returned should enclose stamps for that purpose.

W. WALKER (Church Drive, Carrington).—No use.—EDWARD HIBBERT (Rochdale).—We're glad you're so pleased with the "Sloper Watch."—J. TOWERS (Victoria Park, near L'pool).—All in good time.—WILLIAM THE GREAT.—Oh, indeed!—F. R. GAT-RAGAN (Hemberton Road, S. W.).—Humph!—W. H. CORBIN ("Observer" Office, Bournemouth).—Thanks, but crowded out.—C. H.—Portrait of the Dook; very good.—M. S. (Waterloo Road, S.E.).—Much obliged to you, but of no use. Thanks for letter.—JOE SMITH (Nottingham).—Thanks for letter.—THOMAS CULSHAW (Scholes, Wigan).—Sir Charles Warren.—JOSEPH STET-FOX.—Yes.—OTTO SALOMY (Rue Richelieu, Paris).—There are no words to the "Sloper Watch."—J. JINHAM (Great Peter Street, S.W.).—No use, thanks.—H. CULLUM (Colchester).—Thanks for your letter.—W. J. WHEELER (The "Archway Tavern," Upper Holloway, N.).—Uncle Biffin was much pleased with your Grand Exhibition Billiard Match.—A. E. MAYCOCK (South Queens-ferry).—Many thanks for your good opinions.—Y. N.—Your communication is very funny.—W. PARKER (Castle Street, East Cowes).—Your communication is very funny, but regret that it is crowded out.—J. W. HIME (Fulham Road, S.W.).—Your "waltzes" are very pleasing, and Tootsie is delighted with them.—WILLIAM BUSH (Tavistock Crescent, N.).—ALLY is much obliged for your enclosure, but has no vacancy.—MASTER FRAU ELLISTON (St. James's Theatre, Ramsgate).—The "potato" has been placed among the "Relics."—TITMUS (London, E.C.).—Leave off. Let the dear gals alone. They are quite bad enough.—CHARLES E. NOBLE (Kerr Street, Northampton).—He's been on the "pong."—A. SMITH (Vyse Street, Birmingham).—The "potato" has been placed among the "Relics."—JOHNNY (Loughborough).—All right, Master Johnnie.—EVANS (Malvern Road, N.W.).—Oh! Indeed!—ROBERT J. DOUGLAS (Foundry Road, Parton).—The "piece of wood" has been placed among the "Relics."—J. HODG-KINSON (Granville Street, Aylesbury).—Thanks for newspaper.

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

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And the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" will be given for the correct meaning of A. SLOPER'S new Masonic title, shown in the following Letters:—

C. B. M. Y. T. S. T.

As this is expected to be the largest Competition we have ever had, all answers must be on Post-Cards, and only one guess can be allowed.

Please address all communications to—

THE EARL OF CARNARVON,
ACTING GRAND MASTER,

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* The List will close this day, SATURDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1888.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

THE Hon. Billy does not often make a joke, but when he does, it is generally to the point. The other day he and the Dook, when going down to the People's Palace, happened to observe the name of Poloney over a shop. "Oh, look there," cried Billy, "I never saw a name before."

"That's a fine hare, Brown," observed Waggles. "Yes. It isn't mine," replied Brown. "I'm taking it up to the station for the gov'nor." "It's a wig, then," said Waggles. "How's that?" asked Brown. "Well, anyhow, it isn't your own hair," grinned Waggles.

OUR Sloper Island chemist has a rough time of it occasionally. The other day he sold a fellow two ounces of Epsom salts, and in the evening the man returned to complain of their quality. "How did you take them?" asked the chemist. "Why, with a teaspoon, of course," answered the fellow. "How else should I take them?" He advised him to go home and drink a pint of hot tea, in order to dissolve the salts. He has not seen him since.

It was a strange-looking piece of machinery in an engineer's shop window, not a hundred miles from Queen Victoria Street. "I'll bet you drinks round," exclaimed Bustler, as they passed to look at it. "That you don't know what that's for?" "Done," answered Miffen. "It's for sale." [Verdict: Drinks lost.]



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 208.—The "Primrose" Costume.



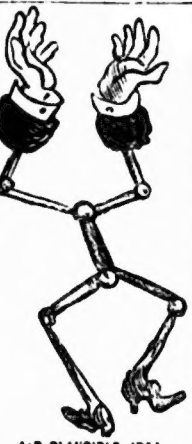
Jumping Moses! Primrose Day,
and not a blooming stever to sport a
buttonhole.



YOUTH WANTED.
Beware! An unmarried woman's
rating falls upon herself; a married
woman's, on her husband.



A RUMP STICK.
Good Old Doughnut indicates the sanctity of his henroosts.



A P/PLAUSIBLE IDEA.
A mechanical invention,
dedicated to actors who
wait in vain for the real
article. For further par-
ticulars, apply at "The
Sloperies," Shoe Lane.



Lord Bob. I think this is about the first time,
Tootsie, that I have been drawn by these two
donkeys. Tootsie, Really! you surprise me.
But I suppose it is a sort of follow-feeling that
prevents you overworking them!

"SHE is a hard-hearted wretch," groaned the discarded lover. "I know of one who must have had a harder heart than her," observed his friend. "Who is that?" "Why, the girl who was made of the mill ('Maid of the Mill'). Don't you see?" [If he did, it affected him strangely. He wept.]

"I SAY, Muffins," said Funniboy, "do you know why perspiration is called sweat?" "I—eh? Why—er—no," replied Muffins. "Why, because it's wet, of course!" ejaculated Funniboy.

A MISERABLE man, trading as a chemist and druggist somewhere up North, was punished the other day for his numerous sins by his wife presenting him with triplets—all girls, and doing well. We do not know what he thinks of christening them, but A. SLOPER begs to suggest Sarah, Prudence, and Ellen, which he could afterwards abbreviate into Sal-pru-nel.

"TAKE grandmamma's advice, my dear—
Ne'er be in a hurry;
You never gain, and often lose,
By such haste and scurry."

"P'raps your advice, grandma, is good.
But tell me, if you please,
If one is ne'er to hurry, how
One's ever to catch fleas!"

THEY were riding on the tram, and after a somewhat long silence she said, "Jack, why are those horses like the chests of tea you have brought home in your ship?" Jack didn't know, and she didn't give him time to think. "Because, dear, they make the cargo."

Overheard in the "Fountain Head."

Youth. I say, father, wot's the meaning of abstemious?
Father. Well, I shud say as how steamious people were them as takes their liquor hot, while abstemious would be them as likes it cold.

"I SAY, 'Arry," said Bill, "I've just been to a meetin' to purtest agin them there furreners a-comin' over and a-underworkin' of us, and I've made a riddle on it. Now, wot's the difference between old Tichborne that was and one of them Germans?" "Blowed if I know!" replied 'Arry. "Why, one's a stout 'un and the other's a ale 'un (a alien)! And now what are yer goin' to stand?"

"WHAT do you consider is the best way of getting a living in the present day, dad?" enquired young Sharpshins. "Buy one in the church, my son," responded the old gentleman.

"AH! got some medicine for the little ones, I see! Are your youngsters good at taking physic?" enquired one father. "No, indeed. I have to force them to do it," replied the second father. "Ah! you have to use physical force, eh?"

"YOUR pardon, sir,
But really I
Do not remember you."
"Your garden, sir,
I once did buy."
"Ah, yes, that's very true.
"My mem'ry's weak;
I oft revokes,
My mem'ry's like a net."
"Why don't you seek
The help of Stokes?
You'd never more forget."
"You mean well, p'raps,
But in my place
I never grieve or fret;
For it oft haps,
As in this case,
I rather would forget."

"I SAY, driver, why don't you hold your horses!" enquired a satirical stranger, to a coachman of Sloper's Island Volunteer Fire Brigade. "Oh, they won't run away! returned the driver, nonchalantly. "N—n—no, I don't suppose they would, but they might fall down," observed the satirical one, gazing critically at the pair of animated bonebags.

"I SAY, 'Arry, wot did that there cove mean in 'is song wen 'e sed 'There's moosic in 'er step'?" said Bill as they sat in the Hifalutin Music Hall. "I'm blowed if I know, Bill," answered 'Arry; "unless it were that 'er boots squeaked."

"IT's a treasure!" exclaimed old Bumblebee. "It's a cup belonging to Alfred the Great. I bought it a bargain in Wardour Street. The man didn't know the value of it, so I got it cheap. How do I know that it belonged to Alfred? Why, because it has his name on it, to be sure. There it is—ALFRED THE GREAT! Oh, yes, I know."

"I SHAY, my friend, ven are you goin' to pay me that little five bob you owe me?" asked Iky Mo. "Why, I paid you last Saturday," said Brown. "Robinson, here, saw me do it." "Oh, I beg pardon, I'm sure, I'd forgotten all about it. Very sorry that I didn't recollect it." "Sorry you didn't re-collect it? Yes, I dare say you are," ejaculated Brown.

"I KNOW that's it's naughty to swear, missis,
Lord knows how hard I tries;
But it's really too much to bear, missis,
With soap in both my eyes."

MRS. CLUMBERBUMP thinks that public meetings must be very conducive to immorality, because whenever there is a chairman elected there are very few but what have their vice.

"WELL, Mr. O'Patrick, and how did you get on over last Bank Holiday?" enquired a customer. "Oh, famously well! Sure I took so much money, that it took me two days to count it!" returned Mr. O'Patrick, a gentleman in the oranges-and-ginger-beer line.

HOPE is an excellent thing in its way, but it is well symbolised by an anchor, for it is not of much use without a certain amount of exertion. The Italians have a proverb, "He who lives on hope will die of hunger."—Extract from Sloper's Philosophy.

ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION.

The Eminent has long felt that the possession of original and valuable works of Art is limited to the moneyed classes of society, and that the masses of the public, though just as appreciative of good painting, are unable, through want of means, to become the possessors of anything but reproductions. With a view, therefore, of benefiting that portion of the public who purchase "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," original paintings by the most eminent artists will, from time to time, be given away. The first that is offered is a large oil painting by A. B. HOUGHTON, measuring 6 ft. 7 in. x 4 ft. 7 in., in a handsome gold frame, and representing

THE EXIT OF "USELESS MOUTHS" FROM A BESIEGED CITY.

This picture, which is in the artist's best style, is valued by Art connoisseurs as being worth £1,000. The award will not be made known until June 30th, three months from the date of the first announcement. All that has to be done is to make ONE APPLICATION ONLY, by sending an Envelope with this announcement enclosed, together with the Name and Address of the Applicant. Address—

"ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* This great Masterpiece will shortly be on View.

TOOTSIE AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

In Ma's library there are two thin volumes with dingy, brownish-grey cloth bindings, the contents of which are very amusing. They are called,



A seventeenth-century tart.

them to do as he had done—a good advertisement, which brought the show £25 a day.

Again:—"It was from La Force that the Princesse de Lamballe was dragged forth to meet her cruel death. Her head was immediately taken to Madame Tussaud. The savage murderers stood over her whilst she, shrieking with horror, was compelled to take a cast from the face."

I don't know many other celebrities Madame did not model, including witty, wicked M. Voltaire, and loose and careless Lord Byron, and Sir Walter Scott. She was a lady by birth and came of an ancient family, and the Duke of Wellington (the Iron Duke) used to come and have long chats with her, and listen eagerly to her strange stories of the first French Revolution. He frequently said that the old lady was the most remarkable woman in England.

No Well-Regulated Girl should omit to visit the "Historical Gallery," and to gaze upon the waxen effigies and relics therein from No. 1, Matilda (not the Mildewed, but the wife of William the Conqueror), to No. 32, the key of the principal gate of the



A prominent feature.

Bastille (there are hundreds more not numbered); and if she also reads, marks, learns, and digests the instructive contents of the catalogue, she will depart wiser a good bit. It may be added that refreshments, varied and of good quality, are procurable on the premises.

I find that Horace Mayhew—more in fun than earnest, I should think—speaks of the "Chamber of Horrors" as an exhibition that "is filled with the sweepings of the Old Bailey, with the refuse of society—a mighty dirt-heap in a horrible dark hole of the fine arts, into which all the worst characters are flung." He wondered it had not (in 1851) been done away with long ago. Likely! I am glad, for one, to say it has not.

A year or two ago, when the waxworks changed their home from Baker Street to where you may now find them close by, I heard that the Chamber of Horrors had been quite spoilt by lighting it up, and taking away all the terrors. I am very glad, if that was the case then, it was not so the other night, and Poor Pa, Tottie, Nellie, Bob, Billy, and I enjoyed ourselves there awfully, not only by looking at the horrid murderers (don't some of them make you jump?), the guillotine and gallows, and the knife that cut off 22,000 heads, but by hobnobbing with the Eminencies upstairs, and listening to the music of an excellent band, a great and attractive novelty, evidently well appreciated, for the rooms were crowded by visitors.



In the Chamber of Horrors.

with his stick, which, somehow, he had smuggled in up his back, but otherwise all was harmony.

I strongly advise every Well-Regulated Girl to go and see Madame Tussaud's most amusing Exhibition.

TWENTY SILVER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK

To Purchasers of ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:—

T'HE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," April 21st, 1888.

Name

Address

Age

Occupation, if any

How many times applied

How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday"

The list for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, April 25th, 1888. The Result of the Competition of April 14th, 1888, will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for April 28th 1888.

89th WEEK. RESULT OF APRIL 7th COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded "SLOPER" WATCHES:—

1. C. HAZZARD, Life-Guardsman, First Life Guards, Hyde Park Barracks. Age, 29 years. Subscriber—since January, 1886. LONDON.
2. ALBERT WOODWARD, Draughtsman, 72 Claybrook Road, Fulham Palace Road. Age, 24 years. Subscriber—from commencement. LONDON.
3. WALTER LEVER, Chemist's Assistant, 67 Albert Road, Peckham. Age, 21 years. Subscriber—since commencement. LONDON.
4. WILLIAM WOOD, Carpenter, Crewe Road. Age, 29 years. Subscriber—2 years and 2 weeks. ALSAGER.
5. THOMAS HOLE, Foreman Platelayer, Waters Green. Age, 40 years. Subscriber—3 years and 1 month. BROCKENHURST.
6. ERNEST JAMES ATTWOOD, Grocer's Assistant, Church Street. Age, 10 years. Subscriber—from No. 1. CHARLTON KINGS.
7. JOHN H. LAWSON, Station Master. Age, 54 years. Subscriber—1 year and 6 months. GRISTHORPE.
8. THOMAS JAMES, Gangster. Age, 35 years. Subscriber—1 year. HORSTED.
9. A. OWEN PRICE, Assistant Teacher, Dove Cottage, Church Street. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—since 11th April, 1885. HADLEY.
10. JOSEPH NEEDHAM, Canal Boatman. Age, 29 years. Subscriber—1 year. KIRKSTEAD.
11. T. C. SYMONDS, Coal Merchant, 49 The Avenue. Age, 36 years. Subscriber—since commencement. KEW.
12. WILLIAM BRICE, Driller, No. 32 Northovergate. Age, 22 years. Subscriber—1 year, 3 months. KINGHORN.
13. JABEZ TEALE, Cartier, Queen Street, Ravensthorpe. Age, 36 years. Subscriber—18 months. NORMANTON.
14. JAMES HOPPER, Licensed Victualler. Age, 32 years. Subscriber—over three years. SPURN HEAD.
15. FANNY PARIS, Tie Maker, 50 Wycombe Road, Lansdowne Road. Age, 54 years. Subscriber—1 year, 7 months. TOTTENHAM.
16. ELIZABETH CURTIS, Dressmaker, Butterfly Inn, Owlthorne. Age, 46 years. Subscriber—2 years. WITHERNSEA.
17. ARTHUR REEDMAN, Schoolboy, Nassington. Age, 16 years. Subscriber—2 years, 8 months. WANSFORD.
18. R. HERRING, Engineer, Gasworks. Age, 49 years. Subscriber—24 years. DOVER.
19. ROBERT CATLING, Shoe Factor, Lillian Villa, Granville Street. Age, 39 years. Subscriber—2 years. PETERBOROUGH.
20. EDWARD DANIEL SUTTON, Tailor, 2 Alma Street. Age, 25 years. Subscriber—from July, 1884. STONE.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S GROWLS.

We grumble if the weather's hot,
Or if the weather's cold;
We grumble that we are too young,
And that we're getting old.
We grumble if the earth is dry,
We grumble if it's wet;
We grumble if we see no ice,
Or if a frost we get,
We grumble that the country's slow,
And that the town is fast;
We grumble time so slowly goes,
And that so quick it's past;
We grumble at Republicans,
We grumble at a king;
We grumble at another's fault,
Yet do the self-same thing.
We grumble if a man is hung,
We grumble if he's not;
We grumble if a war is sprung,
In peace we cry for shot.
We grumble at all foreign ways,
Yet imitate them here;
We grumble that the beef is tough,
And grumble at our beer.
We grumble that one speaks too plain,
Another that he mumbles;
And I am grumbling now that life
Is so made up of grumbles.

"VANITY OF VANITIES."

SHE was a pretty little thing, and, of course, like all other pretty little things, she was fond of making herself look nice. She had not long been married, when one afternoon a regular wet blanket of a district visitor called upon her and found her engaged in trimming a hat. "I am sorry to see that, my dear," she exclaimed, drawing her eyebrows up and her mouth down: "you should bury all such vanities as that now." "And if I did," replied the young wife, "you would be chief mourner at the funeral, I'm sure."

YOUR CHARACTER TOLD.

For the Benefit of the Readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," the services of a Graphologist of great skill and talent have been engaged. Readers desiring a delineation of their character must send a letter of moderate length, signed with the usual signature, and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (with the writer's own address). All letters must be directed to—"ALLY SLOPER'S GRAPHOLOGIST," "THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Answers will be posted direct to the addresses given on Envelopes. No notice will be taken of any communication not complying with the above regulations. Answers cannot be guaranteed within fourteen days, but will be forwarded as early as possible.

A WATCHMAN.

I OFTEN wonder what the men have been who get their living by being night watchmen in the streets. You see them sitting in their huts before the open stores. Sometimes they are smoking. I never yet heard one singing; but their heaps of turned-up paving stones, scaffold-poles, broken pitch, and mortar are not lively companions. I have been singing, though, sometimes myself when I have passed a watchman, but that was in my salad days, when I had, perhaps, had too much—well, sherbet—before starting for home.



Giggling down the street.

Jones and Smith, the big parish contractors, used to have a watchman, whose name was Higgins. Higgins was quieter than even the usual run of his kind. Hansom cabmen, stopped by the turned-up road that he sat in the middle of in his hut, would curse the road and him, but he took no notice. Sometimes ladies of a cheerful class—at any rate, they are somewhat wrongly styled "gay"—would chat with him and offer him a drink, but he seldom answered them.

One night three girls came arm-in-arm giggling down the street. They stopped on the pavement by his hut.

"Hullo, old Dot-and-carry-one, how are you?" cried one of them. He only looked at the girl over his fire when he was warming his hands, and said, "Poor devil!"

"I'm not particularly a poor devil," said the girl: "I'm in the front row at the Mogadore. I've got a good and faithful friend, who's always ready to stand a supper or a dress in moderation."

What more can a sweet girl like me want, old Crabstick?"

"A coffin," said the watchman, quietly shaking the ashes out of his pipe.

This was certainly not a lively answer. The girls walked away in silence.

It was a cold March night when Higgins was seated in his box, as usual, and as usual looking at the fire. He heard a footstep coming down the street.

"Let me sit down here and warm myself," said a girl. She had already sat

herself down on a big drain-pipe.

"Why, Mary, by G—!" He didn't say it at all in a surprised tone, but in a sad, quiet way.

"Yes, father. I didn't know that you were on this game."

"There's not much game in anything, Mary, since you left me," said the man, "without ever telling me where you were going, or what you were going to do. It's not much good, I'm sure. But it's no good talking. You were always mad and wilful."

"They say, father," said the girl, "that I've broke your heart."

"You've broke whatever spirit was ever in me," said the man.

A noise was heard—two women's voices, crying "Polly!"

"They call for me; I must go to them," said the girl. "But, father"—she spoke with a curious tremor in her voice—"although I am so bad, if ever I go very far away, I'll come and tell you."

He was seated by his fire again. He woke up with a noise in his ears like a splash in the water.

He was in a half-doze. Waking up, he saw, through the red light of the coke, his daughter seated opposite to him.

"I'm going a way, father," she said. Before he had time to speak to her, she had gone. He arose, shook himself, and stood nearer to the fire.

next morning, there was another case of "Found Drowned" somewhere about Cherry Garden. The body had, perhaps, drifted from Waterloo.

Old Higgins often puzzled himself whether that last visit of his daughter was a dream, or what it was. Perhaps he has found out, though, by this time, for he has been dead two years!



"Found drowned."

QUITE ENGLISH, YOU KNOW.



Jack. It do put me in mind, Bill, of the time when we wor kids.

Bill. Yaas. We wor rayther wild then, Jack; we could 'ardly talk English properly, could us? Diff'rent to us now, eh, matey?



THE WANDERER RETURNED.

Sir Morell Mackenzie (just returned from Germany). Ah, I'm glad to get back, for the way I've been treated—By-the-bye, ALLY, do you like Germans? Ally (whose knowledge of Germans is confined to sausages). Pretty well, my boy, if they're fresh, but when stale, well, to say the least, they're rather high. [Sir Morell gasps.]

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 22.—LA BELLE FATMA.

"Around her hangs a halo bright of Eastern loveliness."
—The Dook Snook.
"I sigh that Nature's formed but one such woman."
—Lord Bob.
"Maid of Tunls, ere we part, Give, oh, give me back my heart."
—The Hon. Billy.

ALL ABOUT HEADS.

"A well-known gentleman, in a recent speech, adverted to the large size of the heads of Yorkshire children, and suggested that it was indicative of independence. His experience was, he added, that the farther North he went, the larger was the human head."—Daily Paper.



1. Once upon a time an Old Party lost himself. "How very careless of me," said he; "I've never done such a thing before—except once or twice." And he scanned the surrounding country, but there was nothing to indicate his whereabouts.



2. So he wandered on, and on, till presently he met a little boy. "Oh, what a remarkably stout head!" he exclaimed. "Why, I must be in Yorkshire. My little man, can you tell me where I am?" "Theyer yo be," the little fellow replied.



3. "You're a Yorkshireman, aren't you?" asked the O. P. "Oh, beant a mon," was the reply. "I've lost myself," said the O. P. "Then look about till yo foind yoself," cried the lad. "Independent little fellow—carries out my theory, though," mused the O. P.



4. And again he wandered on. "Hallo!" said he, "here comes someone. But I must be getting too far south, for what a small head, poor fellow!" "Who are you calling poor, sir?" cried the individual. "I'd have you know I'm an independent man, sir!" "Impossible, with that head!" exclaimed the O. P.

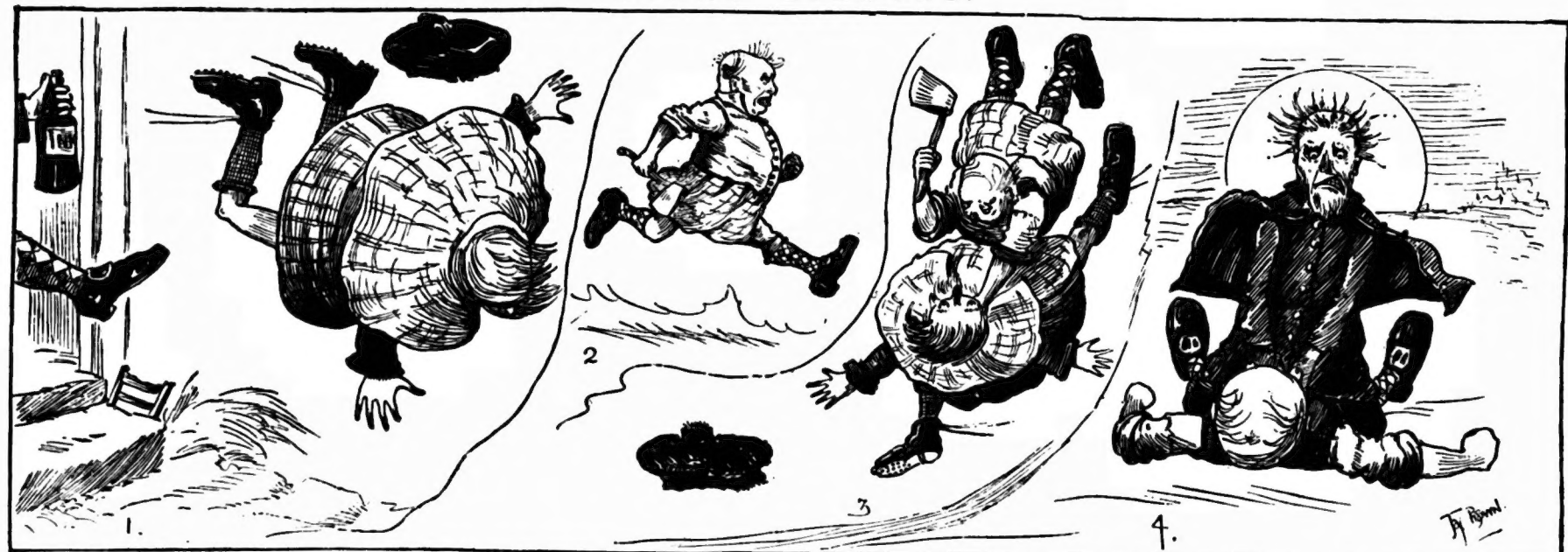


5. The independent person appearing to resent his remark, the O. P. thought it best to flee. So he ran on until he came to a large town, and, fearing pursuit, entered an open door of a theatre, and wandered into the property room. "Gracious!" he cried, "I must be near the North Pole!"



6. Just then there came in the property man, who, though regretting he could not take a cast of the O. P.'s head, took him gently by the arm and led him out, and gave him into the custody of a policeman, who did not leave him until he saw him properly labelled for his home.

McNAB EJECTED.



1. The Elder had no sooner entered the "Thistle" Inn the other day than he was ruthlessly ejected, and McNab said, "Gang out, ye viper!"

2. The Bung followed up the attack thus, saying, "There'll be mince meat about this day!"

3. A'll teach ye menners, ye wall-eyed crooklike!" again said Bung, emphasizing his remarks with his axe.

4. At last McNab got time to ask, "Whit hae A'din, ye hornet?" and Bung roared, reproachfully, "Ye hinna sufficient respect for the Sabbath Day." [N.B.—And the Elder such a saint, too!]

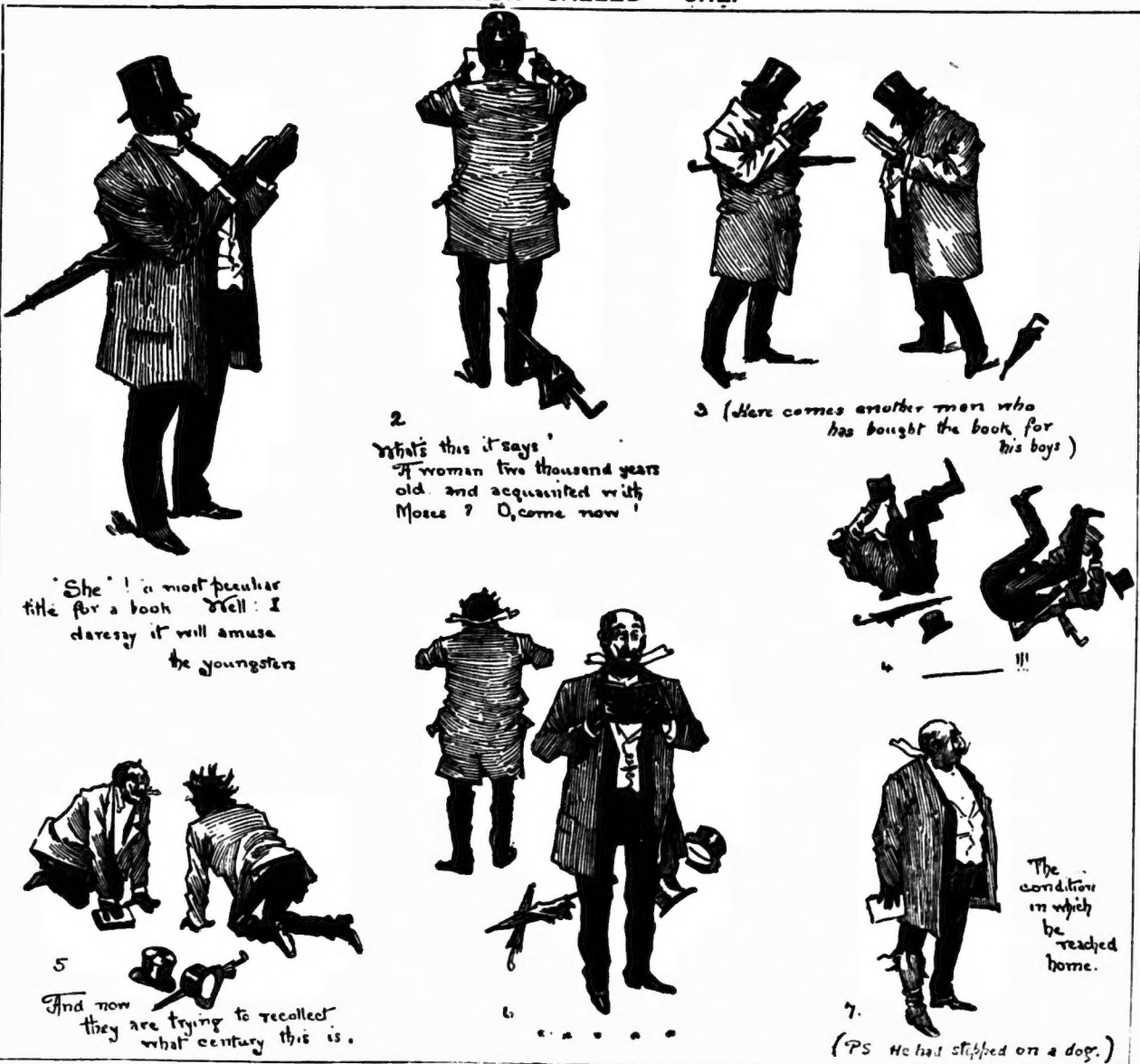


OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

"April showers bring forth May flowers." I wonder whether the idiot who composed those words had any of the modern Aprils and Mays trotting about during his lifetime! If so, what an ass he must have been to talk about showers and flowers. Blizzards and icebergs would have been more appropriate. But to business:—The copper copped, indeed 'twas sad; It made poor Robert feel quite bad:—"Your life or a kiss!" Upon my word, The cool request was too absurd:—The King o'er his young subjects reigns, And from them humble homage gains:—Hurrah! the question's solved at last; The grave anxiety is past:—The trial was of such tedious length, They tried their case by simple strength:—A sailor dog went out one day; At night he rollicked home quite gay:—This pretty game of pitch and toss, Concluded in the people's loss.—Farewell for yet another week.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



THE BOOK CALLED "SHE."



ALLY-CAMPANE.

A LUCKY casual was William Roberts. He was sentenced to three days' hard labour for neglecting to perform his task whilst an inmate of a union.



As the three days expired on a Sunday, he was released from gaol on Saturday morning, and, as a fact, did no "hard" labour. He got to Chelmsford Gaol at about three o'clock, had a bath, then tea, and off to bed. The next morning he had breakfast, then "paraded" for release, and was provided with the fare to Stratford. The cost to the county will be eight-and-sixpence, exclusive of the food provided. Good business, isn't it?

ONLY a year or two before he died, the Earl of Shaftesbury wrote to the writer of this paragraph, saying that although he had devoted the greater part of his life to the alleviation of distress amongst the poorer classes, he felt that he was as far off the object in view at the end

of his life as he was at the beginning. Truer words were never spoken. Now that "Ally Sloper's Poor Relief Fund" is almost exhausted, A. SLOPER feels that he is just as far off the object he had in view when he started the "Fund." On Saturday, April 7th, 519 half-crown vouchers were presented and cashed at "The Sloperies." Out of the amount already subscribed, we have now distributed £700 exactly, and, rather than close the "Fund," and with it the account at the Capital and Counties Bank (Ludgate Hill Branch), we have decided to keep the amount over £700 in hand, until the small subscriptions, which continue to come in day by day, bring it up to a sum worth distributing. So once again we appeal to the generosity of our readers, and the public generally, to help us in a good cause.

WOMEN'S rights are not regarded as they should be in Austria. A movement is on foot in Prague to obtain a legal prohibition of the employment of women in restaurants and public-houses. One would like to see the man who would dare to make such a proposal in England. What a happy life he would lead!

MRS. GRANT, the well-known widow of General Grant, has been shining in society during the past winter. She has not attempted to entertain on a large scale, but she sees more people than in the past, when she used to sit on the garden seat, uncared for, alone. Mrs. Grant has a great dislike for shopping, and never does it when it can possibly be evaded. There is a short, jolly-looking, and somewhat florid woman in her service, who holds the position of confidential servant, and relieves her of most of this unpleasant duty. This woman never fails to let the clerks know who she is, and it is quite interesting to hear the clatter of her tongue.



THE "Ally Sloper's Polka," composed by Mr. J. M. Palmer, and published by Francis and Day, Oxford Street, bids fair to become exceedingly popular with dancers of both sexes, and well it might be, for a merrier bit of music has rarely been put together. Readers are advised to purchase it; its price is four shillings.

"It's a sell," is a remark we very often hear, but in this case it is a sell and yet not one. Some people may wonder what we are driving at; well, the fact is this, Sell's, of Fleet Street, the well-known Advertising Agents, have published their eighth annual Dictionary of the World's Press; a more useful book it would be difficult to come across, as it is compact and easy of reference—and only two shillings, too. Who would be without one?

MRS. LANGTRY is in luck. An estate she had purchased near Carson, Nevada, has been found to contain silver, which assays 510 dols. per ton. If the Langtry silver mine proves to be a big success, we may expect the lady to drop acting, though it has paid her well, and don trousers and coat, shoulder the spade, and start on an exploring expedition on her own account. There are, no doubt, certain persons who would undertake to escort her.

THE Rev. John Stonehouse, residing at Adelaide village, Ontario, has recently been arrested at Strathroy on a charge of blackmail. Stonehouse sent several letters dated from Toronto, under an assumed name, to sundry hotel-keepers, stating that he was a well-known detective, and had charges against them of swindling, &c., but would withdraw the charges if they would pay him 25 dols. The case was put into the hands of a detective, and a letter was sent to the address given, which was called for by a brother of Stonehouse. The latter, when accused, produced a letter from his brother giving him authority to receive letters and forward them to his address in Adelaide.



IN Texas, an exceedingly sensational trial has been reported. The Press mentioned it, and said that the "murdered man appeared in court." Inquiries naturally made proved that this statement was not quite correct, but that the "murdered man" was only half murdered after all. James Scarlett was charged with the murder of Andy Laceyfield in 1885. The prisoner was sentenced to be hanged. But there was a hitch in legal procedure, and James remained for a little longer on earth. It seems that the two men quarrelled over cards, and when Laceyfield lay down to sleep for the night his companion shot him in his cot. For this the police copped that companion. It added considerable romance to the case, which was re-tried a short time back, when the man supposed to be dead came in and gave evidence. It was such a shock on the prisoner that he is not likely to recover.

AT last, Henry Irving and Ellen Terry have returned to their native Isle; and not before they ought to, either—that is, if they wish their memory to be kept green in the minds of the British public. Irving has reopened his season at the Lyceum with *Faust*, and the piece seems to run quite as smoothly, if not more so, than of yore; and each individual actor or actress seems to revel in his or her character. Readers are advised to weigh in at the theatre, and give the company a right good hearty welcome back.



SANGER'S Theatre, Westminster Bridge Road, seems, under the management of Mr. Morris Abrahams, likely to become a favourite resort with South Londoners. Some of the most popular dramas of the day are being reproduced there, and meet with great success. *The Pointman*, for instance, with its many exciting incidents, seems just the sort of play for our brethren over the water, and the night ALLY witnessed it, the audience gave vent to their pleasure by rapturous applause.

THE most curious battalion in any army is the Norwegian corps of skaters. The skates used are admirably adapted for travelling over broken ice and frozen snow, being six inches broad and between nine and ten inches long. The soldiers can be easily manoeuvred upon the ice with a rapidity equal to that of the best trained cavalry. They travel with great rapidity, too. It is stated that a messenger attached to the corps has accomplished 120 miles in 18½ hours over a mountainous country.

It was in a Yankee criminal court; the prisoner was making his own defence. "I admit," he said, "that in 1870 I was sentenced for theft, in 1875 for forgery, and in 1881 I killed my father and sister." Then the judge murmured abstractedly, taking a pinch of snuff at the same time, "Well, go on. Trot through your list, and git out, and wait for me round the corner outside the 'Red Lion.'" They do things proper in America. It is difficult to tell the difference between a judge and a priest there.

HURRAH! Here's a lark. A new professorship is in prospect, for competition by females. Of all things in the world, this is for

silence. A lady professor of silence would be too delicious. Every wise man who is the happy (?) possessor of a wife will "run" her for the new post when it is started, and hope she will win in a canter. Naturally the women will have to preserve the golden thing at home, as well as abroad—when their darling "hobbies" come home from lodge meetings, or any other business appointments. Then will more than one patient, long-suffering man with a wife who has a tongue rise up early in the morning and bless the name of the man who suggested professorship for silence.



BETWEEN hanging and electricity as a means of inflicting capital punishment, Dr. William A. Hammond, of New York, prefers hanging as the more certain and merciful. He is in favour of death from strangulation because it produces congestion of the brain and puts a stop to sensibility, whereas the strongest currents of electricity will not always kill. According to this eminent authority it is by comparison almost a pleasure to be hanged. So men who see the gallows looming in the future, take courage.

THE Llantwit Vardre School Board have been ungallant enough to declare that they won't have married women as teachers. This is very unchivalrous, and, as we venture to think, un-Welshified. At any rate, their neighbours at Ystradgynodwg (Good Heavens! what a name!), as a protest, have decided that they will employ married teachers in their girls' and infant schools, just to show that jealousy has no existence in the breasts of Ystradgynodwgians against matured matrons. Reform your ways, Llantwit Vardreans!

MRS. SPRAGG was evidently in a playful mood the other day. Seeing her husband and a Mrs. Mackay quietly billing and cooing together, the frisky lady proceeded to tap her rival, with a brick, on the head, cutting it open. Mrs. Spragg is now "resting."

JAMES TYSON, the richest squatter in Australia, although a big swell now, was originally a coachman. He saved a little money, and invested it in stock, which left him the proud possessor of £500. With this sum he commenced grazing (not like a cow), and as he worked hard and never spent anything, in a few years he was worth thousands. He started on 15s. a week, and to-day, if he is worth a penny piece, he is worth over £3,000,000, and owns more sheep and cattle than any two other squatters in the world. English youths, go thou and do likewise.



AT a time when the weather is dull, the clouds ominously black and heavy, and the north-east wind bitterly cold, the question of eatables is certainly more reasonable than primroses. With us calves' foot and pigs' trotters are delicacies. With the beautiful Kaffirs the elephant's foot is ditto. When the Kaffir enjoys a really big feast, he does it at night, and elephant's foot is the premier dish. A large cavity is dug in the ground, and a fire made on the bottom. It is allowed to burn to ashes, which are scraped out by the cooks. When the hole has been entirely freed of embers, the foot is rolled into it and covered with green leaves. The hot embers are then replaced, and a roaring fire started over the heap. In this manner the food is baked, and when the fire has burned low the contents of the oven are pulled out, and the feast opens.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 29TH, 1888.

22nd April, 1766.—Madame De Staël, who was born this day, records a national trait in a note to her novel of "Corinna":—"It having been announced at Bologna that an eclipse of the sun would take place at two o'clock in the day, the people collected in the market-place to behold it, and, impatient at its delay, called out with petulance, as they would for an actor who made them wait. At length it began; but the cloudy weather preventing it from producing a grand effect, they began to hiss with great tumult, not finding the show equal to their expectations."

22nd April, 1826.—Missolonghi was this day taken by the Turks. It had been besieged several months, and was reduced to a heap of ruins by continual bombardments. The heroic garrison forced a passage through the besiegers, leaving the sick, aged, and wounded in a mill containing a large quantity of powder. An old wounded soldier took his seat on the mine, and fired it as soon as the Turks entered.

23rd April, 1733.—White's Club was originally established at "White's Chocolate House" in 1698, five doors from the bottom of the west side of St. James's Street. It was destroyed by fire on the above date, when the house was kept by Mr. Arthur, who subsequently gave his name to the club, called Arthur's, still existing a few doors above the original White's. At the fire, young Arthur's wife leaped out of a second-floor window upon a feather bed without much hurt. A fine collection of paintings, belonging to Sir Andrew Fountaine, and valued at £3,000, was entirely destroyed. The King and the Prince of Wales were present above an hour, and encouraged the firemen and people to work at the engines.

23rd April, 1825.—Cabs were first introduced for hire into the streets of London on this day. "As near as a touch" is a cant phrase signifying a narrow escape. It is derived from an expression in use amongst London cab-drivers. A "toucher" is when the wheels of a cab come in slight contact with another vehicle without actual damage.

24th April, 1617.—Marshall d'Ancre Corcini, the favourite of Mary de Medicis, held the reins of government during the minority of Louis XIII., and behaved in so haughty a manner to the young king that he was induced to order his arrest, and in case of his resistance he ordered him to be killed. The Captain of the Guard demanded his sword, as he was this day passing the draw-bridge of the Louvre, and, upon his refusing to comply, he shot him dead. Howell says, "Ancre's body was buried that night in a church hard by the court, but the next morning the lacqueys and pages broke up his grave, tore his coffin to pieces, ript the winding-sheet, and tied his body to an ass's tail, and so dragged him up and down the streets of Paris, which are none of the sweetest; they then sliced off his ears, and nailed them upon the gates of the city," etc.

24th April, 1731.—Daniel Defoe, the industrious author of "Robinson Crusoe," died this day in his native parish of Cripplegate. "There are few books one can read through and through so With new delight, either on wet or dry day, As that which chronicles the acts of Crusoe, And the good faith and deeds of his man Friday."

25th April, 1379.—The Commons this day granted a Capitation Tax to Richard II. In this financial scale the Dukes of Lancaster and Brittany were rated at £6 13s. 4d.; the justices and the chief baron at £5; an earl, an earl's widow, and the Mayor of London, £4; a baron, knight's banneret, the aldermen of London, mayors of great towns, and sergeants-at-law, £2; a knight and great merchants, £1; sufficient merchants, 13s. 4d.; esquires and attorneys-at-law, 6s. 8d.; each married labourer for himself and wife, 4d.; and the same for single men and women who were not mendicants.

25th April, 1707.—The disastrous Battle of Almanza was fought on this day, Easter Sunday. The Earl of Galway, a Frenchman, commanded the English army, and the Duke of Berwick, an Englishman, being the son of James II. by Marlborough's sister, was the leader of the French troops. This circumstance originated the w.icism that the English had beaten the French, and not the French the English.

26th April, 1662.—Pepys, in his "Diary" of this date, writes:—"Sir George and I, and his clerk, Mr. Stephens, and Mr. Holt, our guide, over to Gosport, and so rode to Southampton. In our way, besides my Lord Southampton's parks and lands, which in one view we could see £6,000 per annum, we observed a little churchyard where the graves are accustomed to be all sowed with sage." This allusion was probably to the churchyard of Titchfield, where the remains of the fine castle of the Earls of Southampton are still to be seen. Sage formerly grew abundantly in this churchyard.

26th April, 1843.—The South Sea whaler, *Diana*, was blown up this day at St. Helena. At the time of the explosion which was known to have been the work of an incendiary, an investigation was going on before the island authorities regarding the murder of the captain by the second mate.

26th April, 1565.—It was a remark of Cornaro, a noble Venetian, remarkable by his longevity, who died this day, that, "Of all the parts of a feast, that which one leaves does him most good."

27th April, 1643.—Reading was this day taken by the Parliamentarians, under Essex. In the tap-room of the "Bear" inn, at Reading, "the most correct, chaste, sublime, and beautiful" of the poems of Coleridge, "Religious Musings" was written, when he was a common soldier in the 15th Light Dragoons, under the assumed name of Comberback. At the "Golden Bear" inn, at Reading, a young fox had some years since been taught to go into the wheel and turn the jack. After he had thus officiated for some time, he escaped and regained his native woods. Here he met the fate common to his species. He was pursued by the hounds, and in his flight ran through the town of Reading, reached the "Golden Bear," and springing over the half-door of the kitchen, jumped into the wheel and resumed his occupation, in the very place where he had been brought up, by which means he saved his life.

28th April, 1762.—The palace at Munich, with some two hundred houses, was this day destroyed by fire. At Munich there were two prisons for criminals. One, in the Town-house, had a dark, damp dungeon, down seventeen steps, where the instruments of torture were deposited. The other consisted of about fifteen cells, 12 ft. by 7 ft., and a black torture room. In this was a table covered with a black cloth and fringe, six chairs for the magistrates and secretaries, covered also with black cloth, and elevated above the floor. Various engines of torture, stained with blood, hung around the room. When the criminals suffered candles were lighted, for the windows were shut close to prevent their cries from being heard abroad. Two crucifixes were presented to the view of the unhappy objects. "But," says Howard, "it is shocking to relate their different modes of cruelty; even women are not spared."

28th April, 1772.—In the *Gentleman's Magazine* we read that James Gay died this day at Bordeaux, aged 101. He had been married sixteen times, but never had a child.

ALLY SLOPER'S
FREE LIFE INSURANCE.

£150 will be paid by MR. GILBERT DALZIEL, the Proprietor of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted), who should happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom. Provided a copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published every Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 10 o'clock the following Thursday morning.

A CRICKET MATCH AT SEA.



We've heard of many matches strange. Which prove how quickly fashions change; But nothing in our fancy's range So wonderful can be As that which on a Cunard boat Took place last week 'twixt teams afloat Who played, as all the papers note, A cricket match at sea. While players boid their willows ply, "Man overboard!"—a piteous cry Re-echoes through the stormy sky, And spoils the festive glee.

The ball had fallen in the wave, And Jack, who's "fielding," loves to brave In search of it a watery grave. He's found the ball. Let billows rave! So cricket's played at sea.

A LEGLESS RUNNER.

"PUT the butter in the fender, Tommy, it's quite frozen. Don't put it too near the fire, or it will run," said a fond mother during the cold weather. After an interval the mother exclaimed, "Oh, dear me! this butter has all melted! You naughty boy, I told you not to put it too near the fire! Why did you do so?" "Why, you said it would run, mother, and I wanted to see how it would do it without any legs," observed Tommy.

Each Week's Competition Complete in Itself.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

The Friend of Man is now giving Two Substantial Presents away every week to Purchasers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY"—one to a Lady, and one to a Gentleman. All that has to be done is to cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish "what the Applicant is in want of," and post it to—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT,

"The Slopries,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of Envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," April 21st, 1888.

Name _____
Address _____
Want* _____

* "Sloper Watches" will not be given.

64th WEEK.

RESULT OF APRIL 7th COMPETITION.

The following Applicants have been Awarded

- "SLOPER PRESENTS."
1. NINA LLOYD, Eastfield House, SUTTON (Near Hull).
A CARRIAGE WHIP.
2. F. ELDERTON, 73 Wentlock Street, New North Road, LONDON.
A FERN CASE.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Slopier's Name and Address are enclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Address—TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY with small means, good-looking, dark, and very musical, age 23, wishes to correspond with a gentleman, age 26, fair or dark, and with small means, with a view to matrimony. He must be good-tempered and nice-looking, well educated, and fond of home. Please enclose photo, which will be returned. Address—"MARION," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

TWO FRIENDS, Harry and Edward, both in the same business house, wish to correspond with two young ladies. Harry is tall and dark, aged 23, and is in receipt of £200 a year. Edward is above the middle height, but fair, with a similar income. Please send photos to "HARRY" or "EDWARD," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, age 23, medium height, fair complexion, chestnut hair, considered very nice-looking, cheerful, affectionate, fond of home and children, thoroughly domesticated, would make a good wife to a thoughtful husband. Advertiser would like to meet with a gentleman with a view to early marriage (whenever not objected to) but he must be fair and nice-looking (dark gentleman need not apply). Photo will be returned if not approved of. Address—"VENUS," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, tall, dark complexion, good appearance, excellent position and prospects, with an independent income of £500 per annum, age 23 years, would like to correspond with a young lady, age ranging from 18 to 21, of good address, and of an amiable disposition, with a view to matrimony. Please send photo and particulars, if possible, which will be treated with the strictest confidence. Address—"SEYMOUR," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

SNOWDROP, age 21, fair, not very tall, thoroughly domesticated, would like to correspond with a respectable mechanic or tradesman, with a view to matrimony, has a lively disposition, and would make a loving, affectionate, and dutiful wife. Address—"SNOWDROP," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* NOTE.—Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the above advertisements. Advertisements already received, which do not appear above, will appear as soon as space admits.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

* It has come to the knowledge of A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.S., that there are those who doubt the genuineness of the Letters published from numerous celebrities acknowledging the receipt of his "AWARD OF MERIT." A. SLOPER, Esq., T.W.M., wishes to assure his patrons that every letter that has been published under the title of "THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX" is bona fide, and a Prize of £100 and the "AWARD OF MERIT" itself will be given to anyone who can prove the contrary.

THEATRE ROYAL, EDINBORO', March 29th, 1888.
DEAR MR. SLOPER.—I am glad I have something about me to have caught the eye of so distinguished a personage as yourself. Rest assured I shall ever try to do honour to the title you have conferred upon
Yours faithfully,
GEORGE BELMORE, F.O.S.

GREAT SCOTLAND YARD, March 30th, 1888.
MY DEAR ALLY, FRIEND ALLY, ALLIED FRIEND.—To become the recipient of your "Award of Merit," and be embraced within the circle of your friendship, is an honour or which I feel extremely proud, and rest assured it is appreciated to its fullest worth. I have at times feared you have been too much attached to the bottle, and in this respect you have been much maligned. I have at length come to the conclusion that, having reached the age when it is said a man becomes either a fool or a physician, you have become the latter, and only take your drops on medicinal grounds. Otherwise, ere this, your constitution must have broken down; but instead, here you are to-day in vigorous and robust health, making all heart-rejoice with whom you come in contact. I must confess, too when I first knew you, your looks did not quite inspire me to any particular feeling of affection, but as the eye became accustomed to your face, many points of beauty are to be discovered; and I can now, therefore, feel that warm regard for you that one friend should have for another. I note, ALLY, that in your younger days you promoted a bubble company. But that I suppose you are somewhat reformed now, I would suggest that "the utilization of sawdust for fattening pigs" might form the basis of a good spec. in the same line. If there are any promoters' profits arising out of this idea, don't forget where it came from, and, if it leads you to any trouble, don't say I "put up a job" on you. Permit me now to subscribe myself, my dear ALLY,
Your sincere friend,
J. G. LITTLECHILD, F.O.S.

GAIETY THEATRE, March 30th, 1888.
MISS LETTY LIND begs to thank Mr. SLOPER very much for his "Award of Merit."

12 WALPOLE STREET, SLOANE SQUARE, S.W.
March 31st, 1888.
SYLVIA GREY begs to acknowledge the receipt of your "Award of Merit," and highly appreciates the great honour. In return, she gives you permission to use the letters F.O.S.G. after your name on any occasion you please. Thanks and thanks again.
To ALLY SLOPER, Esq.

36 CURZON STREET, March 31st, 1888.
SIR GEORGE CHETWYND presents his compliments to ALLY SLOPER, and is much gratified with his "Award of Merit."

LONDRES, 31st Mars, 1888.
MONSIEUR.—Je suis très touché de la façon charmante dont vous m'avez offert le diplôme du SLOPER, et je le garderai précieusement en souvenir de mon séjour parmi les Anglais. C'est un grand honneur pour moi d'avoir été distingué par vous, et ferait mes efforts pour continuer à mériter le titre de F.O.S. Recevez, Monsieur, avec mes remerciements, mes sincères salutations.
VIOLETTE.

F.O.S.

The Eminent has this day conferred his

AWARD OF MERIT

upon the following Ladies and Gentlemen, the qualifications being stated beneath each name:—

- | | |
|---|--|
| GENERAL BOULANGER,
Because, though fallen, he's rising. | DR. MIDDLETON,
Because he killed the Gipsy. |
| GEORGE GIDDENS,
Because he's got a successful "Novelty." | MAUD MILTON,
Because she's had a "Run of Luck" lately. |
| DR. MARK HOVELL,
Because he's made his "Mark." | ROBERT ROBERTS,
Because he's the best Goal-keeper in England. |
| KAUFMAN,
Because he's the original Korfdrop. | MAJOR TEMPLER,
Because he's a Good Templar. |
| MARIE LINDEN,
Because she's ruled by "The Don." | A. THODON,
Because he's a "Paragon" manager. |
| DOT MARIO,
Because she's the Dot-let of ALLY's eye. | MDLLE. VANONI,
Because she "Jubilates" in French. |

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.
April 21st, 1888.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

£1:1:0 and the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" have been presented to
C. E. COLLINS, Percy Villa, Raleigh Road, Hornsey, London, N.,
for the Best Six-Line Verse (printed hereunder) on
SPRING.

S ON of old winter, come, rule us again!
Prince of the seasons, all hail to thy reign!
Rain not too much, though, but shine on us, too;
In thy benignity give us our dew;
Nor, we implore thee, let weather hibernial
Give us a proof of thy nature un-vernal.

* We earnestly appeal for further subscriptions, no matter how small the amount.

ALLY SLOPER'S POOR RELIEF FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED IN LAST WEEK'S "HALF-HOLIDAY," £708 15s. 6d. SINCE RECEIVED:—

T. A. HODGKINS, 3s.; LOEY, 2d.; BARON VON CHRONOSCHESKI, 14d.; HAROLD WILMSBURST, 2s. 6d.; F. J. B., 2s.; C. B. S. B., 3s.; ANON (Cheltenham), 2s. 6d.; FOREMAN, 3d.; HARRY, 6d.; DOLLY, 6d.; TEA DUST, 6d.; MATTHEW DUNN, 1d.; Collected by JAMES COOK, 6s.; Collected by M. E. THOMPSON, 10s.; UNSWEETENED, 4d.; FLORRIE and ETHEL WREN, 1d.; P. W. and G. GERRES, 2d.; WALTER CHAPLIN, 6d.; MAUD HALL, 1d.; JOHN and HELEN, 2s. 6d.; BARON BOSKI BUMBLE, 6d.; C. ELSNER, 3d.; Collected by C. BASSETT, 6s.; BLUE-EYED NELL, 2s.; H. E. RICKARD (California), 1s. 6d.; ALFRED WARD, 1s. 7d.; TWIN BROTHERS GEE, 6d.; GLORIA, 6d.; GEORGE SMITH, 1s.; ROBERT MILLER, 6d.; E. REEVE, 1d.; TORPEDO SAM, 6d.; KATE and BLANCHE FLEMING, 1d.; JOHN A. ROMER, 7d.; POOR OLD EM, 3s.; MISS LOVELL, 4d.; S. R. PEMBERTON, 7d.; A FEW FRIENDS FROM COLCHESTER, 9d. Making a total received up to April 11th, 1888, £711 9s. 7d.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

WHY is a man born in Truro, in Cornwall, like Julius Caesar?—Because he is a True Roman (Truronian).
FRENCH LEAVE.—Adieu!
A LOAFER is rarely a thorough-bred man.
WHAT is the difference between Patti's voice and a piece of barley sugar?—One is a sweet sound and the other a sound sweet.

THE LAST OF THE LAST OF THE "H.C.s."

11.—(Continued.)

THROUGHOUT this period you may be sure there was much wear and tear, silent suffering, sleepless nights, shame, humiliation,



At the Temple's pewter font.

blinding tears, and broken prayers, mixed up with half-breathed curses; but time dealt lightly with Leonora, and with each change of the feverish kaleidoscope she somehow was left pretty comfortably among soft pillows, now and then with shabby enough coverings on them, but ever passably soft and soothing. And the little girl—knew nothing. There came a time when things had reached a low ebb, and Johnny (they dubbed him thus at the law stationers' house of call, a pleasant temple devoted to the worship of the goddess Geneva in a court out of Chancery Lane) was very hard up indeed. Just then, at the temple's pewter font, appeared a closely-shaven, blue-cheeked man with purple-black curly hair, who wanted someone to direct circulars, heavily, which were to be issued from the Trombolo Gardens, Cadville-on-Thames, calling the attention of the nobility and gentry thereabouts to the opening night, and soliciting the continuance of that patronage heretofore so generously accorded, &c., &c.

Daw accepted the job with a bow, left the remuneration to his patron with much easy grace—like an idiot—and delivered his work with scrupulous punctuality.

"I say, look here, mister, come back," said Blue Beard. "There's something about you puzzles me. You're somehow a superior sort; you speak well; you hold yourself well; you turn your toes out; you can dance, can't you?"

"Dance!" repeated Daw with a dreamy smile, as the far off times rose before his eyes, and once again the fiddlers, perched up high in the balcony at the Assembly Rooms, softly repeated in his ears the waltz tune to which he and Leonora had elegantly revolved: "They used to say so."

"You've been a gentleman, I can see that," continued Blue Beard, blandly, unconscious that this way of putting it was not too polite; and something very like a tear stole down the elder man's cheek, but he made no answer.

With a sovereign in his pocket, however, and with quite a light, brisk, debonnaire manner did John Daw that evening trip up the steps of his lodgings, and he entered the dingy little drawing-room so hastily, that Leonora dropped her novel and lost the place, a thing that seriously annoyed her.

"Good gracious! how you do make one jump!" she said. "Do please shut the door. This awful place is full of draughts. And stir the fire, and put on some coals."

"Leonora, my dear," said the ex-officer, "we must leave these lodgings."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! What, more moving?"

"This time, my love, into the country."



Leonora dropped her novel.

"The country! How horrible!"

"Not horrible, I hope, my darling, for it is to a pleasure resort upon the river I am taking you to, where we shall have fresh air."

"And agree."

"No agree, pet; I made a particular point of making that inquiry. A chalky soil, a splendid view, a garden of acres on acres full of delicious flowers, brass bands and theatre, all free!"

"Are you mad?"

"No, my blessing; I have obtained an engagement at the Trombolo Gardens."

"You are surely not going to dress up and act?"

"Well—er—I have accepted the post of Master of the Ceremonies."

"Master of the Ceremonies!" cried Leonora in tears; "the thing that finds you a partner! So—after a pause—" we have come down to this! You cannot earn a living any other way."

(To be continued next week.)

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 23.—MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, F.O.S.

"It is with a feeling of pleasure that we pick up our pen, in order to transcribe a short sketch of that great living wonder, Augustus Harris. His first appearance in this country was as an Italian organ-grinder, in which capacity he at once made a great impression on the fair sex. Fair sirens followed in his wake where'er he went. With the peasant and the peeress it was the same—all were desperately enamoured of him. Perhaps, with true female instinct, they saw in him the making of a leading pantomime producer, and hoped by thus worshipping him to gain a place in the front row of a future ballet, who knows? Gussie soon got tired of the organ, so started a penny gaff in the East of London, dressing up some of his female admirers as Egyptian beauties. He did roaring business at this, and within a year or two, by A. SLOPER'S advice, he purchased the lease of Drury Lane. Chiefly for the *Run of Luck* he has had, he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him, June 13th, 1883."—*Debrett improved.*



THE "SPIRITS" APPEAR.—But (g)no(mo) matter.



WHAT'S UPP.—Why, the poor little thing, she's been and sat down rather emphatically on her patent inflated air-bustle, and—er—it's gone off—pop!

A BIT TOO HARD!



"Miss Laura, will you come and accompany the er—er—'Vagabond'?"
 "What is the er—er—vagabond going to sing?"

["Quite knocked all the go out of me, old boy," he said afterwards; "never sang worse in my life!" "It must have been awful," said his friend.



Sloper. I never pay—things never cost me anything.
 Flower Girl. Gar on, flat out the coin. Never cost yer anything! 'Ow many twopennorth's 'as that nose o' yourn cost yer?



"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!"—Revised Version.



Toppy. Georgie dear, would you prefer looking smaller than you feel, or feeling smaller than you look?

That Cat o' Uncle Benjamin's



① Uncle Ben's black cat regularly roosts along the Conservatory door this fashion

② Whilst Uncle Ben o' sunny afternoons drosses right underneath so—

③ Bucolic fiend, lo! I've got a piece o' string tied to the handle o' that door. Guess I'll give old baldhead a 'rouser' presently!

④ One moment it was a little heaven

⑤ The next—well—not quite so heavenly anyway

⑥ No wonder poor Uncle Ben. was a bit exasperated for he firmly believed that cat did it a purpose;

⑦ —so took straightway measures to prevent a recurrence of such irregularities
 FIAT JUSTITIA—RUAT CALUM!